

Ooman

Ariannak

Aliens/Predator

Complete



Ooman

AriannaK

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Summary

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Description:

A young badblood predator gets attached to a human female. (Rated M for adult, sexual themes). COMPLETE

1. General Disclaimer

General disclaimer

This is a work of fiction intended for entertainment only. Any similarity to reality is a dreadful accident. I don't own Predator or Alien. No profit is gained from writing these stories.

Stories by this author may briefly mention or describe in detail mature topics and triggers such as:

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- Drug and/or alcohol use.
- Death, war, blood and gore.
- Violence and abuse**—both verbal and physical. **Non-consensual sex** and child molestation.
- Kidnapping**, child abduction. Child endangerment.
- Slurs, racism, harassment, bullying, and foul language.
- Eating disorders, mental illness, self-harm and suicide. Emotional trauma.
- Interspecies relationships and intercourse**.
- Sex that may be disturbing to some, such as: BDSM, anal, oral, multiple partners, etc.
- Parts of anatomy may be named in a scientific or sexual context.
- Cultural differences such as: religion, abortion, polygamy, arranged marriage, legal age, public sex and nudity, bestiality, inequality, slavery, euthanasia, death penalty, cannibalism, human sacrifice, etc.

Stories by this author are not intended to offend, encourage violence, or erotize rape.
However, sensitive readers should not continue.

2. The Badblood

He had removed the adornments from his hair years ago, feeling they represented too much of his old culture. The *Koros* bands were a yautja tradition that started at puberty. They signified more than mere decorations. But he was a rogue. The beads that held his parents names, marked the passing of his *chiva*, and signified learned skills were all worth nothing. They would never show his status in the community or win him females, as none of that existed for him anymore. His planet had cast him out as a *Badblood* and so he would live a life on the run, outside of yautja law. His dreads were now smooth, but felt uncomfortably bare.

It seemed he'd have to do without his necklace as well. It was a string of iridescent scales he'd collected from one of his kills on *Yaut*. He'd made the cord himself by twisting together delicate plant fibres. Over the years, the clasp had busted and the twine had frayed. He swept his palm across the table with a growl, knocking it to the floor. It was best not to remember that place anyway.

He had the basics at least. Still following protocol, he adorned the black mesh netting around his torso. It would maintain his optimal body temperature and other vitals. Armor, traditional weaponry, and a spiked copper *bio mask* completed his outfit. He was ready to explore, to hunt. Being confined to such a small ship had made him restless.

The spacecraft descended on the small planet, its surface mostly composed of blue water. Its reputation was one of fantasy and ancient history. Great *chivas* had once been held on the planet, but the beings that once worshiped the yautja race were long abandoned. The yautja had found more prime locations for the trials, as well as better prey.

However, the few that returned to the forgotten planet had come back with mixed opinions and stories of the oomans. Some said they had lost their value as prey, lost their ferocity and survival instincts. Others, came back with stories of oomans as surprising and intriguing beings worthy of being prey or even companions. On the home planet, oomans could be hunting partners or slaves. Mates or mere dinner.

The planet had since been under protection, similar to that of a conservation area. Permits were needed just to go near the planet, and few were allowed to hunt there. He did not care about the stories either way. But landing on the planet he had never been allowed admission to when he was a citizen was now wide open for exploration as a criminal. He hunted to keep his mind occupied, his stomach full, and his skills sharp... Though he was curious as to what sort of prey he would find there.

His waxy dreads swung as he sharply turned his head. His clawed hands tightened on the rough bark of the tree branch. He scanned, small lime green eyes shifting under a metal mask. An expansive tangle of vegetation surrounded him on every side-moss covered trees, palmed leaves, and spindly vines. It was an indistinguishable mess of vegetation until he changed his bio mask's vision mode-illuminating the world in an array of colors by their heat signatures.

Red blotches of various shapes and sizes now surrounded him. Creatures hiding even within a tree hollow were now obviously visible in the dense jungle. That being said, depth perception was a big skewed in this heat view and so he practiced with it often. A gangly animal high up in the canopies above him with five appendages and a head was closest. It possessed two big eyes and the fifth appendage was a sort of prehensile tail.

He slowly began to shift his position on the branch, careful not to make even the slightest sound. His homeostasis netting, besides maintaining body temperature, also produced his cloaking device—making him completely invisible. However, smell and sound could still give him away.

A rising excitement boiled inside him as he drew closer. The creature was getting suspicious, pausing its movements but head swiveling around. He did not know what kind of senses or defenses the alien animal had but he was confident he could catch it-and that was all that mattered.

Not a leaf stirred as he encroached on the animal, and the urge to kill was throbbing through his body like a crashing wave of desire. An instinct so hard to suppress. All of the animal's appendages were splayed out, gripping the branches around it, tense.

He was about ten foot away from the small creature, and he let his serrated twin blades slide out of his gauntlet with a dangerous metallic slide. The creature was frantic, scared, and he loved that even more. He wanted his prey to fear his invisible form; it was pure ecstasy knowing they knew death was imminent. It moved frantically from branch to branch, up and down in the general area and making low barking noises. He crept closer and closer to the nervous animal, his blades ready to slice into its delicate unprotected body.

The intoxicating thrill of the hunt was almost too much. His blood rushed through his veins and pounded in his heart... but he lowered his blades. Practice was all he would do. A deep breath calmed down his eagerness for the kill. The animal jumped away then, but stared back suspiciously. He moved on to find bigger and more worthy prey.

What he found next was not prey, but a source of amusement. He wasn't able to identify them. They had spikes for legs, tiny stalks for eyes, and carried shells around with them. When he got near them, they tucked themselves in their shells and fell over, seeming to faint at the sight of him. He crouched down and picked one up in his hand until it recuperated.

When it began to crawl, he poked at it and the claw of the little beast pinched onto his skin. He turned his hand upside down and let the little thing dangle there until it decided to let go of him. It hit the leaf litter and rolled. He followed it with his eyes until a different movement caught his attention.

It was a small, fat, brown thing. Its skin was covered in bumps. When he crept towards the animal, it tried to hop away. He picked up its soft body and flipped it over to examine it. A liquid puddled in his hand. It had evacuated on him. He tossed the fat creature behind him with a disgusted grunt. It was odd, but not prey, so he pressed on.

Up in the trees again, he began to hunt. One of his mask settings picked up on chemical traces, illuminating animal urine amongst the forest like glowing spots of varying colors of yellow. That, combined with the tracks, led him to his next target. A wild boar was rooting around in the mud with its large tusks, coating its coarse mat of hairs in thick sludge. It would

be an unusually shaped skull, and fierce looking with its tusks, yet his mask identified the animal as aggressive-but a herbivore. Only other predators, carnivores, were worthy trophies.

He could kill to eat, yet he was not hungry, so it would only be practice again, which disappointed him some. He dropped out of the tree silently, and stood crouched and ready with his combi-stick in hand. He let his cloaking device drop, and produced an airy clicking noise to gain the animals attention. The boar turned, snuffling the air, and stared him down. His combi-stick extended into a spear-like weapon. When he charged, the boar ran away but quickly circled back to protect its territory.

He teased the animal at first-when it finally charged he merely moved out of its way and gave it a slap with the combi-stick to anger it. It grew more fierce and began taking swifter turns. Its hooves dug into the mud and its curved tusks aimed for his calves to gouge his muscles and bring him falling. It would never happen.

Though he was no expert with the weapon he held, he could easily beat a 250lb wild boar. They tussled in circles for several minutes before he grew bored. The boar would not give up its attack, though, and on impulse he shoved the spear down between its shoulder blades. It squealed and ran then wobbled and fell, dead. He removed the spear, and stared down at his kill.

It was not an honorable kill, but he was not following those laws any longer. Still, it did not make him feel better to have killed it, and he'd come to loathe his compulsiveness. It was what had gotten him marked a *badblood* in the first place. He left the body to the jungle, to allow nature to decompose and consume his mistake.

He lounged on a branch, flipping through the different vision modes in search of another target. As he scanned the forest, he fiddled with a soft yellow bird feather between his fingers. However, it was not something he saw that caught his attention. No, it was a beautiful and strange noise that held his interest... light and flowing, smooth and heavenly, loud but soft. It drew him closer.

Climbing was something all yautjas were good at. He leapt from tree to tree, using the branches and vines until he ran out of jungle. He descended from the tree and dropped with a thud, sending colorful insects in a scatter. He was eager to see what alien creature made such a noise and if it was worthy of being killed.

The song had carried him to the very edge of the jungle, where bright sunlight filtered through the leaves. He swept the foliage away as he took a step forward, but then dropped his head. He stared down at the sand with loathing. It was such a horrid ground, uncomfortable and shifting.

After some hesitation, he left the jungle behind. An endless expanse of bobbing water lay before him with only a small strip of beach to walk. He had to admit the heat from the tiny, ground up rocks was nice though. They complemented the rays shining down from the burning star above.

He moved slowly through the sand, searching for whatever generated the music he liked so much. Down the stretch of beach, and on the very edge of the water he finally spotted two animals. They possessed lithe bodies, were cladly dressed, hairless for the most part, and tan.

They looked innocent, harmless. However, he knew these species-they were the most prevalent ones on this planet. They were not as defenseless as they looked. He watched them, waiting for the sound to continue. There was a small noise coming from a small box high up on the beach, somewhat similar to what he had heard, but not as pretty. It was a combination of beats and noises and singing all blurred together that ruined it... It was the voice that rose above it that he loved... and soon the song erupted again, a beautiful, fluid, melody.

The creature had long flowing hair so unlike his own. It possessed a healthy sheen, making it look like thin strands of gold. Her mouth moved only slightly while producing the tones-making it look so easy. The sound filled his chest and he was content. He sat down in the sand just to watch the pair.

They ate, played, and the female sang a lot. He only wished he knew the purpose of the singing. Courting the male? A sign of happiness? A sign of fertility? Possibly all three...

He'd seen and experienced a lot on many, many different planets. Amazing creatures so huge and beautiful that their polished skulls were a trophy fit for gods. Their essence, their battle, their memories, their death forever captured in their bones and recorded by his bio mask. Though maybe not worthy in battle, the creatures song was beautiful. That alone made him want this animal's skull. His expanse of lean muscle tensed, ready for the hunt.

But already he had failed.

3. His Prey

He had allowed himself to become distracted, and the weather of the island was quick to change. It was giving way to clouds and rain. It was one of the worst forms of precipitation he had ever experienced. Water flowed through the rivers, not fell from the sky! It was absurd and annoying and it shut off his cloaking device. On his planet, there were hot springs, rivers, fog—but never did water fall as rain. A few tiny drops collided with his skin and he made his way silently back into the cover of the jungle. He was frustrated. However, he was determined to get his trophy.

His bright green eyes watched from behind his bio mask as the animal continued to sing as the rain picked up. Then it began to dance and spin. That was obviously courting behavior as the male grabbed a hold of her waist possessively, his mouth catching hers. They were still a mystery for him though. What purpose did that mouth touching have? Did they share food? Did they mate that way? That would be odd... but he had seen stranger. They kinda looked like they were trying to eat each other.

As soon as they broke apart, the male began to lead the female away, towards a white boat with stiff flames on the side. Rain or not, if he wanted the girl, he would have to act now. They did not even appear to be armed though, and that was a cautious line to walk. If he used no weapons though, then all was legal... Why he bothered with rules and morals when he was a Badblood anyway, he did not know. He was sentenced to death anyhow. What did it matter? What did it matter if he broke any more rules if the result was the same no matter what he did now?

A new desire suddenly took him over. He still wanted the girl-but now he wanted her alive instead.

Even though it was raining, he did not want the boat to leave and so he trudged out of the forest towards the boat waiting just a few feet out in the water. His cloaking device sparked and waved with blue electricity over his body before shutting off completely. The couple moved around the boat, touching each other and things, too preoccupied and innocent to take notice of the predator. He heard the boat's engine come to life as he waded through the warm tropical water to grip the side of the boat. He was not small—a full seven and a half foot tall—and easily pulled himself aboard.

The woman saw him first, letting out a shrill noise he presumed to be some kind of defense. It was a horrid noise, but his species was capable of much more volume and so he was not deterred. He thrust forward and his muscular hand wrapped around her forearm easily just as the male came running up from the boat's lower cabin. As soon as his eyes landed on the thing holding his woman, he froze. The yautja tensed for a struggle as many species heavily defend their mates and pups.

The frail woman kept screaming and squirming uselessly. The male did not attack—not even as the predator threw the woman overboard into the salty water. He heard the woman's chokes and splashing as he advanced on the male now. He was not worthy as a trophy in

stature, nor for his actions as he had not even tried to help his mate but he was still a good sacrifice for the god of life, Paya.

The male disappeared down into the dark lower cabin of the boat as the predator advanced. He boldly followed him down the creaky wooden steps. The male began pelting him with various small objects, throwing them carelessly and without proper aim. He continued his advance, undeterred, even as the man crouched and attempted to hide. It was a pitiful display, and he plunged his serrated wrist blades into his chest.

He slung the body over his broad shoulder armor and carried him back up the stairs with ease. The woman was long gone, but he was confident he could track her down in the jungle. He hopped off the boat, still carrying the dead male, and trudged to shore. Then, he aimed his shoulder cannon at the boat, and destroyed it. He watched the pieces fly, the boat igniting in flames, and then it sank.

Sure that the other ooman could not escape the island now, he began to ready the body for sacrifice to the god Paya. His prayers for forgiveness-for the crime he committed that marked him a Badblood and the future crime of capturing the singing female were quickly uttered before he grabbed his ceremonial dagger. He cut off the oomans clothes first, and rolled it naked onto its back. Then he stuck the blade down beside its genitals and began to make a shallow cut all the way up to its neck, careful not to cut into the stomach cavity.

Since he did not plan on keeping the hide, he made quick sloppy cuts down its feet and hands. He removed the guts and then flipped the body over to drain it of blood as to not make a mess on himself. Then, he peeled up the cut edges of skin with his fingers and began to remove the entire hide, leaving muscle and tendons exposed. With a little tugging, the skin peeled off all of the fingers and toes, leaving holes where its nails used to be. He worked until the entire skin was removed from the ooman, including its genitals, and the ears he cut from the skull to go with the skin.

He tied the skinned and gutted body high in a tree, liquids dripping from its open body cavity. Its skinless face dangled down, its mouth open and teeth exposed, eyes staring wide. He praised and thanked his god, and offered the oomans body as sacrifice. He brought out a small vial of blue liquid and let a few drops fall on the hide and guts, disintegrating them quickly. The gruesome body was left to nature as the yautja set out in search of the female.

A small amount of the ooman male's blood was left on his fingers, and he decided to load the substance into his wrist gauntlet. That way, he could download a new vision mode into his bio mask that would highlight the most similar substances. It would quickly lead him to the other ooman. Though he did this, it proved to be completely unnecessary.

She was even easier to find than he had thought she would be. The creature was loud and obviously out of place in the jungle. Her odd hair clung to her face as she stumbled and clamored about. She was jumping at every little sound and movement and tripping over her own bare feet. And if that did not give her away, she kept stopping, bending over with a hand around her middle as she made louder sounds, sucking in air and then coughing. He supposed she may have swallowed the toxic water that surrounded the island, and its salt content might have been the reason behind her difficulties.

Since she actually seemed to be heading closer to his ship, he was content to keep watching her. When she stopped, he uttered a clicking noise to get her heart started again and

her legs running. Keeping her going in the correct direction was easy, and blasts from his cannon and small disks kept her running right to his ship. She was almost boring to hunt, too easy.

When she was close enough to the ship, he dropped from the trees to land with a thud in front of her. She let out a high-pitched scream and spun away in the opposite direction. He trudged after her and grabbed her forearm easily. For not being very muscular her wiggling and squirming was quite effective and a kick from her leg almost hurt. Strong, for such a small frame.

As she kept trying to yank herself away, writhing, screaming, and squirming with madness he had to admit she was hard to hold onto without worry of tearing a limb off. So, he captured her soft waist and flung her over his broad shoulder, one arm pressed on her back and the other holding her legs down. Her small fists pounded down into his back. He only gave a jolt when he felt her bite down on him. He was glad ooman teeth were so flat. But again, what use were they? Sharper pointed teeth held so much more advantage.

By the time he found his small ship in the heart of the jungle, the girl was sedate. He released her to touch the keys on his wrist controls and the invisible craft opened a ramp and door. The ooman still had fight in it though and hearing and seeing the ship caused a new wave of panic and flailing from the creature. She kicked and writhed, her arms shoved at his head.

It was only when she yanked a thick strand of his hair that he threw her down onto the hard ramp, the rain clinkng on the metal. He let out a booming growl. She quickly tried to scramble away but he snatched her wrist and drug her inside, her screams cut off from the jungle by the close of the ships door.

He drug her through the terminals, her fingers clawing at the ornate walls and her feet kicking about. He took her into his bedroom and sealed the exit to play with his new object. He did not want the skull of this particular prey, he wanted to hear her voice to hear her sing again.

4. Object

She was still screaming and water now leaked from her eyes. He was not sure if he had broken her by tossing her overboard, or if it was somehow a defense mechanism. One of the yautja's favorite prey had acid blood so he would not be surprised if it was some sort of poison to ward off anything that would want to eat them. He tilted his head and just watched her at first.

She had the same basic body plan as he did. Two arms, two legs, torso, head... Actually, they were quite similar in shape. She was about three feet shorter than he was and had very strange hair. It was very flowing and made of tiny little strands of something. Her skin was lightly tan, but mostly pink. She covered up the same area the females of his species did-but her mammary glands were strangely covered as well. The fact that she had breasts was a bit confusing too actually.

Was she breast-feeding? Did she have a pup somewhere? Many species on Earth and his planet only showed cleavage once they were pregnant and feeding. He felt a short pang of guilt at the thought but quickly brushed it away. He had not seen a pup, and if she had left it alone it was her fault it would die.

The female's breathing was quick and heaving and she pressed her body against the back wall. She was scared. He enjoyed that. He liked watching her darting eyes and shaking body. He wanted to feel her heart which he knew must be racing. He stomped forward and she was just petrified. How this species came out on top was a mystery to him as well.

She was so soft, squishy, like her skin was missing and insides just on her, how she was protected from cuts was just a mystery. His skin was thick and tough, comparable to the rubber on a car tire. When he reached out to touch her though she bravely swatted his hand away. The four mandibles under his bio mask twitched in amusement. He reached out to her again and she quickly bounced to the side to get away.

However, she was in a corner now, such a silly animal, trapping itself so. He walked forward until both her hands shot up to his stomach to stop him from getting and closer. He towered over her small frame, so much more powerful than her. He simply leaned in closer until her elbows bent, giving in, and his chest was pressed firmly against hers. Yes, her tiny heart was racing inside her like a frightened and confused animal. He stroked her odd hair, soft and so very bendable. Her body began to shake and odd choking sounds escaped her. Worried now that he was smashing her, he took a step away. She instantly dropped to the floor, more water leaking from her eyes and shaking fiercely.

He tilted his head down at her, just watching. The female continued to act strange and stayed on the floor so long he began to believe she was injured. A quick scan of her body with his bio mask's diagnostics revealed no such damage. The behavior still must have been some sort of defensive measure. He surely would not want to eat something that seemed so sickly. But, he was becoming impatient. He wanted her to sing.

He lifted his arm to tap a few buttons on his control gauntlet and the recordings of her singing played out. The woman froze, listening. When it was over, he shoved at her side with his boot, trying to prompt her to copy the recording. When the woman looked up at him with her big blue eyes, he thought maybe she would be compliant. But no, she just started screaming again. Even though the noise was not very loud to him, it was annoying. So he roared.

He drowned out her pathetic screeches with a deafening sound much like what a combination of a T-rex and a lion would sound like. Somehow, the woman's already big eyes got bigger. He tried to command her again, playing her voice. She did not respond at all. She just laid there on her side, looking up at him, shaking. He was getting frustrated.

He yanked her up by her hair and played the sound again... but that was when he noticed the faintest amount of red liquid coming from her ear... and the other ear as well. He realized now that he had probably broken her. His head tilted just staring at her odd blood. It was so bright red and her skin so light tan, the contrast was interesting. His species blood was bright green.

Though he had skinned the other ooman, he had been working too fast to be distracted by the curiosities of the species. But now, he had the time to fully explore and examine this ooman. He reached out to touch the blood, his finger smearing it on her soft skin... and a strange urge to taste it came over him. He released the woman's hair and she dropped to his feet. He unhooked the two small tubes on the side with a hiss of releasing pressure and he took the bio mask off.

Only then did the woman show a spark of life. She screamed and scrambled away quickly, her head swiveling about the room in search of an exit. He turned back to the bit of blood on his clawed fingertip, and he brought it to his mouth. His fang-tipped mandibles spread and a long, thin, snake-like tongue came out to connect with the red drops. Metal! It tasted of metal and salt... and he just had to wonder what the heck these oomans were made of if their blood tasted so.

Bio mask back on, he turned his head to find the girl clawing at the walls of his bedroom in hysterics. Hunting instincts instantly kicked in, a throbbing need pulsing through his muscles. However, he still wanted to hear her sing again, and that suppressed all other desires. She was probably deaf now though; for how long he had no idea-it may even be permanent. He watched the girl, unsure what to do with her. Nevertheless, as soon as she began to open panels in the walls he stomped forward and snatched her leg, dragging her on her back to the middle of the room.

She sat up and clawed at his hand with her blunt nails. He cocked his head at her. Her face was interesting. Overall it was flat, small, round, with smooth features. Her mouth so sunken in compared to his and she had squishy lips, so animal-like to him as he possessed none. Her forehead was small, indicative of primitive beings. Her eyes were so big compared to his though... He quite liked her eyes, the color of blue ice.

He drug her closer, his other hand going to her belly where there was an odd divot. He poked it cautiously, waiting for something spooky to pop out, but it did no such thing. Her hands were trying to slap his away uselessly, it was amusing to him. He wondered what she smelled like suddenly, without the masks filter. His hands went to remove his bio mask again

but she began to scramble away. He easily grabbed her and drug her back, this time straddling her hips, his legs hugging in so she was immobile and his hands were free. His mask gave a hiss of air at disconnecting tubes as she flailed. He set the metal on the floor next to them as her body went rigid under him-he was not even sure if she was breathing.

He slowly bent his head closer to her skin and only then did her hyper beating heart and breaths return. The ooman's smell was... hard to describe. It was a deep, fleshy, oily smell, natural and earthy though, with a hint of floral over it. It was stimulating and odd, yet relaxing to him. He liked her smell. She did not like him so close though and her fist connected with his jaw. Though it did not hurt, he growled and roughly grabbed her wrists to pin them above her. He leaned in close to her chest, his mandibles and the sharp tusk points twitching in thought. The girl made small whimpering noises and suddenly a new smell hit his senses, pungent and offensive.

He quickly hopped off the small, frightened ooman to confirm that she had indeed released another annoying defensive behavior. Liquid soaked her small covering and puddled under her on the hard floor. He grumbled with annoyance and snatched her wrist to haul her upright. He led her through the ship to the bathroom and held her wrists together as he fiddled with her strange coverings. Her body shook with sobbing as he slid down her underwear and cut the tie of her breast covers with his sharp nail.

He shoved her into a small cubicle and she huddled against the corner wall. He reached in and turned on the water, jets of water shooting from the ceiling and floor as she shrieked. He shut the door, concealing her from sight, but he could hear her pounding on the walls and screaming.

5. Female

He left her to go clean the floor, then fiddle with the ship's controls, and set the course to another planet. As they left Earth, he went back to the bathroom and opened up the door, quickly turning off the water. She was wet and huddled naked on the floor, her knees pulled up to her chest, but she was quiet. He bent to grab her arm when he noted a peculiar pattern on her skin that was not there before. He hesitated.

The blob was a dark purple and seemed to match the exact outline of his very fingers. His head tilted, staring at it, reveling in the fact that his touch was burning her... No, he was simply squeezing too hard. He felt horrible. The yautja did not harm things unless on a hunt, did not torture creatures. He slowly crouched down and observed that her body was riddled with these blotches. One on her arm, two on the other arm, her wrists, one ankle. He gently reached out to catch her chin in his hand, nudging her face up to look at him. The little thing began to cry.

He suddenly hated her crying-that distraught face, water streaming out of the corners, her face going red, making such strangled noises... As gently as he could manage, he moved her arm under her tightly held legs and other behind her back to scoop her up against him. Her high-pitched noises stopped immediately as his chest sent a rumbling purr through her.

It was something one did to calm a child, but it worked on her still. He could feel her muscles loosening in his arms. He really hated to be the cause of her pain. Becoming a badblood had ruined him; he would have never done such a thing before. Had never even thought of doing anything like this before.

He sat her on his bed in the soft furs-but this did not seem to calm her. Actually, she seemed back to her frantic self, huddling in the corner against the wall, hyperventilating, blue eyes wide and staring at him. He was schooled well. He had been taught for hunting and knew key features of many species to know when they would charge. Color. Posture. Movement. However, all he could remember of humans is that a show of teeth was non-threatening... She was not smiling. That was no help.

He waited for her to do something, just sitting on the edge of the bed, watching her. Her... *nose*... bulbous and adorable. Her... *ears*... they were strange attributes really, animal characteristics that his kind did not possess... but so cute though. He felt so strange observing an alien so close. She did not really move. He stared at the bruising on her, feeling a slight pang of guilt, and suddenly whisked himself away. He clicked on a panel on the side of the bed, a drawer opening up. He grabbed a tin container and popped off the lid. The girl would fight him, no doubt, but he wanted to heal what he had done to her.

His clawed hand dipped into the thick gel, his eyes on the girl. She had trapped herself in a corner again. As he reached towards her arm, she let out a protesting squeak. He tried to be gentle and smear the healing gel into her skin but she squirmed away like it was fire he held in his hand. A low growl vibrated through him and he encroached further into the bed. Her eyes darted around wildly and as his hand reached out again she defiantly punched the top of his hand. Her actions amused him some, but he had work to do. Trying not to make any more

bruises, he forced his hands onto her squirming body to smear generous amounts of the gel onto her bruises.

Her chest was heaving and her hands were shaking but as he sat back on the edge of the bed, he was proud to see the bruises begin to lighten. Her eyes refused to meet with his and as she started to calm some, she began to move. Curiously, he watched her position herself onto her knees in the fur and she raised her hands up. Her hands were stiff, fingers pointed up to the sky, palms pressed together. She began to make indistinguishable hushed noises.

He did not know what she was doing and as he cocked his head, watching her, it seemed to finally come to mind that she was naked. In addition, she seemed to have just about the same anatomy of yautja females. Looking at the entrance of one of his species, you might think you were mating with a dragon the way the reptilian scales aligned themselves. However, this female just had very soft puffy flesh there, looking very inviting.

His body began to warm, looking at her. His entire body was covered in dark blotches, the blotting collecting more around the contours of his muscles as most males. Females of his kind had more light striping than blotching, but this oomans skin was free of any marks. She looked so bare with just all pink skin, but he did find that he liked how she looked. It made her look softer, more vulnerable.

She was small compared to him, and very small compared to females of his kind who were often stronger than males. She had lean muscle, which was also uncommon of his species. However, she had curving hips just like any nubile woman, and looking at them made a lump form in his throat. Her eyes closed and her hands raised higher in the air, and he began to lean in closer to her. Her smooth features made her look so young, and he found his heart beginning to beat faster.

He was a healthy male, worthy of seeding a female. He had been deprived of the touch for so long, dominant females on his planet refusing him, and then being on the run... This girl was helpless. Her small size made her easy to overpower. Her blunt nails and round teeth would do no damage. She had no weapons, and no obvious defenses. Her screams would not be a deterrent.

He suddenly could not control his actions. As he leaned towards her, she must have felt the bed tip with his weight. Her eyes flew open, but she froze. His cock was swelling at the thoughts in his mind, and he reached out to grab her thigh. She screamed and tried to bat his hand away but he easily drug her closer, her small body sliding over the silky furs.

He did his best not to create any more bruises, but held her still. He tore away his cloth covering, discarding it to the floor. As he spread her legs, arousal sparked in his loins and a swelled in his throat. His let his claws slid across the insides of her thighs. He mounted her. He pressed down on her chest with his, not to hurt her but to show dominance. And as he ground his hips against hers, her eyes widened, he knew she was aware of his intentions.

Her quick, heaving breaths and quaking body lie just beneath him. Her heartbeat was so quick. Speedy, reminding him of frightened animals... He hated to admit, that excited him more than her actual body did. But he had hunted her. Disarmed her. Left her wounded and spent. Now, he would use her.

Her arms went slack at her side, losing the strength to fight him off, and tears streamed from her eyes. She turned her face away from him, not wanting to look at him as he ravaged her...

He had not been able to stop himself-but now he could not *force* himself to continue... Rape was one step farther than he would go, especially when he had already done so much already. He hated her crying, and again he had been the cause of her pain. Stifling his arousal, he lifted his heavy body off her and moved away from the bed.

6. Burden

He felt conflicted, but knew that he should return the girl back to the beach, dispose of the male's body he had hung up, and forget any of it had happened with the girl. No one would believe her, and there would not be any proof anyway... He had never gotten her to sing again, but he would not let that deter him from doing what he needed to.

As he sat in the control chair to land the ship, something caught his eye. Another yautja craft. He could not land on the islands, nor even on the planet. All he could do was flee quickly and hope he had not already been spotted. If he was, they could signal for his capture or hunt him themselves. He quickly directed the ship away to land on a different, less traveled planet. He would have to wait to return to Earth. So, his mind went back to the girl.

She was still in the corner of the bed, huddled against the wall, but now she had all the animal furs wrapped around her body. It was a pathetic defense, so he wondered instead if she was cold. Her eyes squeezed shut as he entered the room, but he knew she could hear his loud footsteps on the hard floor as he approached. He sat on the edge of his bed, and looked at the feeble girl. He was not sure what to do with her now. He did not know when he would be able to return her-or if he should just take her skull instead and not return to Earth.

He went to the pantry then back to the bedroom. He made a soft noise, trying to gain her attention without touching her. Her eyes flickered to him, the yellow fruit he held in his palm, the room, and then to the wall she was pressed up against. He did not know if she would be hungry, but looking at the fruit, he took notice of the hard rind encasing it. He was not sure if she was capable of opening it, and so he began to peel it. His sharp thumbnail dug into it to get to the pieces inside, and only when he had finished food he glance up to see that she was watching him.

He slowly offered her a juicy piece, but she quickly buried her face. His mandibles twitched indecisively. After a moment, he put the piece in his own mouth, enjoying its sweet had not flavor. She was watching him again. Still, when he offered her pieces she refused. He had the idea to leave the fruit next to her as he moved away-but even then, she would not eat. He fetched her water instead, but still she did not accept anything.

He felt the urge to try to make her sing again, to kill her, to return her to earth, to mate with her, to find something she wanted... but if not food or water, then what else? He had no clothes to give her, and that might be just what she wanted.

In addition, when the ship landed on the other planet, he realized a small dilemma. He could not leave the girl on his ship alone, yet would have to drag her along with him if he left the ship. And there was no way he would get any hunting practice hauling her around. What was he supposed to do with her?

The first thing that came to mind was tying her to a bathroom fixture.

To do that, he would have to touch her again, and she seemed to hate that. He suffered her useless onslaught of kicks and punches as he grabbed for her. He hauled around her middle,

casually carrying her under his arm like a newspaper. He set her down on the floor and got out a length of soft chord. She seemed to know his intentions immediately, her eyes going wide, and she hid her wrists behind her back and away from him. He let out an amused growl and instead reached for her ankle.

She began babbling in ooman and shaking her head as she scrambled away. He growled again, not wanting to grab her and cause more bruises. However, she was being difficult, standing up and backing away from him. Dragging her around on an alien planet was going to be even more difficult; he had to tie her up.

He snatched her wrist and pulled her foreword as she let out a squeak. She strained away from him fiercely, but was getting nowhere. As he tied a loop around the one wrist, she pushed away his big fingers to quickly untie it. He had to admit she was amusing.

He caught her other wrist in a loop as well, and when he pulled the cord, her wrists were forced together. She whined. He quickly tied her feet through her struggling and secured her to one of the fixtures. She was utterly immobile-and now, her big blue eyes looked up into his. They silently begged him to untie her.

He would not do it.

He left her there.

Boredom, soon consumed him though, and he could not focus on hunting anyway. He collected some food and water, but the planet did not have a civilization where he could buy other supplies so he decided to go back to the girl. There wasn't much point to that action either though-when he untied her she stayed huddled in the bathroom. She did not sing. She did not eat or drink. He would probably kill her in the morning. Nevertheless, it was getting dark and he was getting tired.

That also produced a problem. He had untied her not even an hour ago and he would have to tie her back up again if he wanted to sleep. And she was a fussy one. However, after she had squirmed away from him she huddled in a corner, effectively tapping herself again. He simply walked up to her, blocking her escape, and held up the cord.

Her eyes were watering and she brought her palms together, fingers pointed to the sky. She began those chanting whispers again. His hands went to her wrists, tying them together easily. However, as she did not fight him, he found his fingers sliding over her arms. Her skin was just so soft and tan. He slid his palms up to her shoulders. Her lips were trembling but her eyes were steady. With a sudden decision, he hooked a finger over the cord that held her wrists and led her out of the bathroom... and to his bed.

Her steps began to slow, and then drag the floor. As he released her wrist to pick her up she quickly tried to scamper away. He scooped her up and laid her on her back in the bed. If she did not want to be tied up, then the only way to keep her maintained was to lie next to her. Her chest was heaving again. He tied the end of the chord to the bed, just loosely for a moment as he undressed.

Undoing the straps to his armor, taking off his boots, and taking off the netting did not take long. He paused before taking off the loincloth covering, but was too tempted and proceeded anyway. When he turned back to her, it was obviously to tell that she had been watching him,

but she still refused to meet his eyes and her cheeks suddenly flushed red. He wished he knew what that meant, but her movements and body reactions were still strange to him.

As he crawled into bed beside her, her wrists struggled against their binding and she turned her back to him, making sure to keep her legs crossed tightly. She could refuse him if she wanted, he did not care. But after years of lying alone in bed, a harmless alien woman was too tempting to ignore. He wrapped his bulky arm around her middle, pulling her back against his chest.

She whimpered and her heart raced, but she did not squirm. He untied her wrists with his other hand. She immediately began rubbing her wrists and he could obviously see the red marks they left. Even being gentle with her, she seemed so delicate. Without really thinking, he found his thumb stroking the grooves of her wrist until the marks melted away.

Her heart was still racing, but he enjoyed the soft warmth of her skin. He was startled to see her teeth catch her bottom lip and he frantically went to stop her from chewing on herself. He did not quite understand why she did it. Was she hungry? Did oomans find themselves tasty? He was confused, but just knew that he did not like her doing it.

Now, the girl was shaking. Any new movement had her freaking out again. He tightened his arms around her stomach and tried to sleep. But he must have really worn her out, because, surprisingly, she was asleep before he was. Her heart rate and breathing changed. She seemed to go through cycles and if she woke up during the night, her body went impossibly ridged and tense until she fell back asleep.

She woke him up often. He kept thinking she would try to sneak off in the middle of the night-but every time she moved, she was just repositioning and even flipped over once to cuddle her face against his chest. He accidentally woke her up in the morning though. One arm under her head, the other around her middle. His face so close to the back of her head, he could smell her hair. Her skin was so warm against his body.

He tilted his hips to rub against her ass. She did not wake up until the third time he did that, her small fingers clutching at his arms to get out of his grip. She started making noises and squirming so he let her go. She stood at the side of the bed, glairing at him then. When she did not do anything else, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her back down to lay with him. As soon as he did though, a garbling noise erupted from her stomach region.

He jumped away. The first thing that came to his mind was the chest bursting aliens he had encountered during his chiva. He slowly crooked his head at her. Finally, she showed that one ooman facial feature he remembered learning about-a smile, her pink lips stretched over her smooth white teeth. He found his body warming at such a look.

The noise sounded again, but as he did not know what it meant, he simply ignored it. He stroked her cheek as her heartbeat went wild in her chest before he decided to get up.

He dressed in his loincloth, homeostasis netting, armor and all and then poured her a glass of water but she still refused to drink. The girl kept her eyes on him now, watching his every movement. And, when he walked up to her, her only protest was a step back. He held her forearm as gently as he could manage, making sure not to dig his nails into her skin, and drug her beside him into the main room of the ship in front of the door.

The ramp dropped, and he marched down its hard metal surface into the tall green fuzz that that was similar to grass in ways. The ooman hesitated, leaning forward with his pull but her feet firmly planted on the end of the ramp. He was not sure what she was afraid of, and he was reminded that dragging her along was going to be quite a burden.

He almost yanked on her arm, but instead found himself watching the way her foot lifted and her toes tentatively reached out to step into the grass. As the wind blew through, her golden strands were picked up from her shoulders and waved behind her. It looked oddly glorious, behaving in a way his hair really never could. Her blue eyes widened as she took a step into the soft grass.

He dropped his harsh grip from her arm. There really was no hurry. He let her slowly sneak into the grass, her toes flexing in its softness, and he slowly began to walk away from her.

His eyes settled on the three moons in an overlapping row and the sun following close behind the precession. In the distance was rolling hills with tangles of tree roots supporting short bulbous trees with huge U-shaped leaves. He could not train or hunt with her along, but before heading to another planet he needed a stretch and a good dose of fresh air. He kept walking, thinking he would have to turn back and collect the girl, but was surprised to hear her footsteps following.

7. Pet

He did not know why he enjoyed it so much, but he liked being followed by her, liked leading her. And when they entered the odd forest, he liked having to assist her. She was short like child, when he stopped walking she bumped into him. When he climbed a tangle of thick roots, she crawled under. When he leapt over slushy ground, she scurried around it. Nevertheless, even trying her best she kept being snagged, tripped up, trapped, and more. In those situations, she gracefully accepted his help.

He was even more amused with her as he spotted a cluster of fruit high in a tree and immediately climbed up to fetch it. He crouched up on the branch, fruit in hand, and glanced down at the girl. Her blue eyes were wide, her mouth open slightly, and her head tilted to the side. She shifted her weight, put her hands on the tree, took her hands off the tree, looked around, looked up, and put her hands back on the tree. He could tell she wanted to follow, but was puzzled on how.

He climbed, swung, and dropped to the ground. She smiled again, and it made his heart leap. However, a low chattering in the trees signaled the oncoming of an angry animal and he quickly dropped the fruit to prepare a defense. He heard the sharp scratching of nails on tree bark and the flat lizard-like animal emerged with a gaping mouth displaying its teeth.

A threatening growl bubbled up from his chest, and the animal smartly decided to move on. He un-tensed his muscles and turned to collect the fruit-only to realize that the girl was already doing so. His mandibles twitched in thought, as the girl might actually have some use. They continued through the tangled jungle, slowly making thier way to the water source he had found yesterday.

He was becoming increasingly curious about the noises she produced. Fluid groans. Long yawns. Little chirps and talking. Grumbles. Humming. Even noises he did not know she was capable of making-whistling. They were curious, but also aggravating. He was sure her hearing had returned and yet she did not sing. It was the one noise he wanted her to make and she refused to make it. Instead, he could hear the grumbling of her stomach.

He had to admit, he did enjoy the choppy gagging that was her laughter, but when she began to hiccup he started to believe he'd picked up a defective ooman... Yet, when she clicked her tongue around when she was trying to solve a dilemma in her path or doing things, thinking... he couldn't help but find it so endearing. Juggling the fruit in one arm, she stopped to climb over a tangle of roots and he had to catch her before she tumbled. Every step she took was endearingly adorable.

When we reached the gushing spring, the girl set down the fruit and ran to it like a child. She dropped to her knees and used her hands to slurp the water into her mouth as through she was dying. He stepped beside her to dip his container into the water, as it automatically condensed and sanitized the water for later drinking. Then, he headed back to the ship. The girl talked, huffed, and flopped naked onto the ground beside the spring's rocky edge.

He walked back to her and almost lifted her up, but reminded himself that he was in no hurry. She sat cross-legged and looked up at him. He hesitated, but bent his knees to sit and mirror her. She smiled and extended a small fruit out to him. He curiously took it from her, sliced it in four, and handed the pieces back, hopeful that she would finally eat. Otherwise, he was not sure what the purpose was of sitting in the middle of the forest suddenly.

Her face lit up and she stuffed the slices in her cheeks one after the other, only half-chewing them up. He was slightly worried she would choke, but she swallowed and handed him another fruit. He was more than happy to slice it for her.

The fruit eaten, he quickly grew bored though. He unfolded his legs and stood. She hesitantly stood as well, grabbed another drink, and followed him back through the forest. She was slower. Her breath heaving. In addition, she kept stopping just to stand for no apparent purpose. There was no danger, so he just started to get annoyed. As he lifted her up over a thick root though, he realized the issue. Her pulse was fast and her muscles slumped in his grip. She was tired.

He had worn her out. He set her in her toes only for a second to adjust his grip before he scooped her up in his arms. She let out a surprised yelp, but did not protest. He carried her in his arms the rest of the way. Up the ship's ramp and back in the bedroom he gently set her down and began undoing his armor and weapons. He was surprised to find, not only did she not back away, but also she attempted to help. He allowed her to undress him, quite pleased, and amused, as she had to stretch up on her tiptoes to get off his shoulder guards.

She carefully placed every thing on the table, only his loincloth and metal bio mask left. He knew she could not reach it, so he tipped his head down. She chewed on her lower lip again, even though she had just eaten. He let a tiny growl escape him, disagreeing with her lip biting. She stopped the action immediately and her hands rose to his face. She froze.

He slowly grabbed her hands and guided them into the smooth sides of his bio mask, pressing her fingers so that the pressure plate on the side disengaged, the air seal breaking and the mask releasing. She pulled away the metal and stared at him.

He could feel the fear emanating from her. Something about his features under the bio mask unglued her. He tucked in his mandibles against his mouth, trying to hide his sharp cleaving teeth if maybe that was the cause of her fear. When that did not seem to ease her, he considered putting back in the bio mask just to keep her calm. However, her small hand suddenly reached up towards him.

Her palm connected with his cheek, and as she bit her lip, again it made him nervous. He just was not sure what she planned to do next, what the purpose was, or what was going through her mind. He was still oddly leaning forward so she could reach him and her hand slid back into his hair. He could not help but let out a small purr as her soft hand coiled around one of the strands of his hair.

Her hands quickly retracted but she was smiling. He knew that had to be a good sign.

They stood, just watching each other a moment before he straightened. Her skin was slightly dirty from their trek, as he had not provided her with any clothes. Therefore, the least he could do was clean her up.

"Mau ka" He told her to come here.

Like an obedient pet, she scampered after him, even if she did not know the words. He entered the bathroom and turned on the water, testing its warmth before ushering her in. He watched her a moment, as she began coming her fingers through the hair, which was quickly weighed down by the water.

She stared at him from the corner of her eye suspiciously. However, he noticed a knot in her smooth hair and could not help but drag his claws through to fix it. She did not protest, and that was more like an encouragement for him.

His hand slid against her back, and down her arms. Her body had gone impossibly ridged, but she did not push him away. He tried to keep his thoughts neutral-focusing on the technical terms of her anatomy and not the tempting bits meant for groping... which was startlingly difficult to do. Supple breasts, his hand swept down over her mammary glands. Shapely ass, his hands cleaned her gluteus maximus muscles. Warm pussy, reproductive organ-as his hand lingered between her legs she slowly pushed away his hand with one index finger. He glanced at her eyes, could not tell what she was thinking, but her cheeks were burning red.

With a quick decision, he untied his covering and stepped inside the shower with her. She pressed herself against the wall, but did not try to shove him away. He took that as a good sign and proceeded with his next move-trying to get her to put her hands on him. He enjoyed touching and looking at her alien features, did she not feel the same way?

In the only way he could think to get her to touch him again, he bent lower, tipping his head down as he had done when she had removed the bio mask and touched his face. She did not budge. When his eyes flickered to hers, her cheeks lit up with red again and she turned her face away then.

He took a more direct approach then, straightening up and grabbing her hands. He thrust her palms into his chest. Her eyes widened some and she began nibbling on her lip again. He would have to feed her after they got out of the shower.

He patiently waited for her to move, to touch, and to do something. She stood utterly still. This disappointed him somewhat, and he backed away from her palms. She dropped her arms. He continued to scrub himself down and just tried to enjoy her company even though she seemed to want nothing to do with him.

But as the minutes passed, he noticed something terrible. The water was deforming her, making her fingers and toes wrinkle. He quickly opened the shower door and thrust her out!

She landed on her hands and knees on the hard floor, but quickly stood up to yell noises at him, her eyebrows pulled together making even her forehead wrinkle. He did not bother acknowledging her display, and instead began to dry her off as quickly as he could. He gripped and manipulated her body and shook it her hair. She looked like a frazzled pissed off mess by the time he was done with her-and, her fingers were still soft and wrinkled.

He scooped her up to lay her in the bed, carefully molding his body over hers, and he took her hand in his. He ran his thumb over her fingers and examined her hand closely. He did not know how to care for an ooman.

He did not know what their facial features meant. Did not know how often they ate or slept. Did not know what the noises indicated. In addition, he certainly did not know all the dangers different environments could impose-such as the water distorting her skin.

He knew then, that it would be ultimately best if he returned her to earth.

She kept making noises towards him. He had not a damn clue what she was saying. It was giving him a headache more than anything. Then she shook her head at him, her arms slipped around his neck, and he liked that.

He had not known holding her to tight would produce bruises either-but he was learning.

The girl could have many uses. Hunting lure, for practice hunting even, collecting food and water... none of the services he really needed. Company, really was what he sought. She could be taught to be obedient. Polish his armor. She could also keep him company. For that, he wanted to keep his pet, even if she never sang again.

Finally, her digits returned to normal, no longer textured and wrinkly. He dressed, brought her a glass of water, and the fruit with the hard rind. However, before peeling it, he left to redirect the ship. It was not wise to stay in one place too long.

When he returned to the bedroom, his head slowly cocked to the side at her display. She was acting quite animalistic, trying to pound the fruit onto the ground, causing it to crack slightly, and then trying to use her teeth to chew it open. He had no idea she'd act so ferocious-He'd fed her three ping-pong sized fruits within the 65 hours he'd had her with him, after the six hour trek through the forest, and he had carried her ask the way back. He was sure he had offered her enough water. Even he was not much hungry or thirsty and his last meal of meat had been many days ago.

Still, he felt compelled to assist her. His sharp nails easily cut through the tough rind, the textured mix of a watermelons stiff coating with the bendability of an orange peel. He feed her slice after slice, and watched her lick her lips.

He came to learn that not only did she eat several times in one day, but that she went to the bathroom and many times as well. It was so time-consuming. She slept a lot as well, not able to make it through the day without at least two naps. However, that just meant that every time he crawled into bed she was there. When he would usually be alone sitting in the control chair he now had a cuddly sleepy little girl.

8. Savior

She had such a lithe body. Designed for running perhaps? That was indicative of prey... So why did his body react to her so strongly? Many of his species found them ugly. He did not. He loved the feel of her soft body as his strong muscular arm wrapped around her waist. She let out a bleating yelp of surprise and jumped some, but quickly melted into his grip.

Her big blue eyes turned to look for him, but his cloaking device was still engaged. So close to him, she might see a glimmer of bending light, but he was otherwise invisible. His clawed hand brushed through her soft golden strands, and then he released her waist.

“La’ja m ya’d day.” Run and hide he told her. He knew she probably did not know the words, but she did know the action she was supposed to take.

She took off running through the forest, and he watched her disappear between their trunks that had white blobs stick to the bark like marshmallows. He gave her a good head start, and then he continued his pursuit of her. It was fun and playful practice.

He did not find her before someone found him.

A yautja like him stood nine foot tall beside a tree, absolutely still, metal mask watching him like an omen of death.

“Ic’jit.” Badblood, the man spat. All bio masks were programmed to recognize criminal’s faces like lists of mug shots.

He took a deep readying breath and allowed his cloaking device to fall.

“Sei-i.” Yes, he admitted to the stranger.

The yautja’s twin wrist blades slid out. As a badblood, he could be killed without any reason except existing. Moreover, the yautja who brought back his body would be honored for killing a criminal. His own blades dropped with a deadly metallic slide.

He would have to fight for his life.

However, he had never killed one of his species and never wished to.

The other yautja attacked first, his plasma caster leaving holes in trees as he quickly ducked away. Then the stranger advanced, going for his stomach to spill it his guts or his throat to end his life quickly. He could dodge and defend himself, but it was difficult only using harmless defense moves on someone who sought to rip out your soul.

Strong armor protected each of them from most easy, weakening shots. He had to work his way in and be quick to land his blades elsewhere. Serrated blades tore through the strangers tendons of his elbow as the man let out a roar of pain and defiance. He only wished that it were the arm carrying the blades, not the wrist controls.

Metal clashed with metal as they continued to battle. However, the stranger would not fight honorably, and did not have to against a badblood.

He saw the luminous green blood oozing from holes in his chest before he felt it, but the crushing pain would not escape him. He fought not to show it on his features, not to show pain or weakness, and he forced his body to keep fighting.

He blocked the stranger's blows, waited for other shots, and tried to strike at the straps that held his armor to his body. The material, though it looked like ordinary cloth, could not be cut by ordinary blades-but a yautja's blades were not ordinary. The yautja could defeat incredible beasts, conquer armies, and best most weapon technologies-but yautja against yautja was a more even match.

Sharp serrated blades plunged into his thigh, barely missing bone. He growled but refused his body to react to the wave of pain. He grabbed the stranger's throat in his claws, staring at his bio mask, but the man retracted his blades. Metal ripped through muscle on its way out, but still he held his ground. He would not drop.

One hand tightened on the stranger's throat, the other held the man's wrist gauntlet away. Both of their chests were heaving. Blood dripped from the stranger's elbow. Blood still oozed from the holes in his own chest.

Thought the stranger did not have use of his unrestrained arm, he had two good legs-the shift of his weight gave him warning but the man still managed to land a blow on leg, twisting it at the knee.

They broke apart but as he regained balance, he shot out a net at the stranger. Pain riddled his body, but he quickly yanked the netting to force the man to the ground before his blades tore himself out of the tangle.

He rolled the stranger into his back and pressed his serrated blades to his neck, his chest pulsing with a low growl.

"A-ka'ta." Stand down, he commanded.

"Thei-de bue geur're." Death before surrender, the stranger spat back.

He would not kill him. Badblood or not, he felt it was not right.

Blocking the pain as best he could he smashed the man's shoulder cannon, and destroyed his wrist blades. Then, he took off for his ship as fast as he could manage. The muscle in his thigh felt like it might just start peeling away, but he ran.

He knew he was so close to reaching his ship, but he could also hear his pursuer gaining on him. He had not searched him for other weapons, and that turned out to be a big mistake. A series of small blades lodged into his muscular back, but it was only when one hit his injured leg that his footing then faltered. Blood caked muscles straining, he stood again to face-to-face his attacker.

He let out a deafening roar, comparative to the volume of a t-rex with the deepness of a lion, daring the stranger to make a move.

However, it was not the stranger who caught his attention. No, out of the corner of his eye he could see the girl, now holding her hands over her ears in pain. A pang of guilt entered him, knowing that the stranger would kill her if he failed. But he could not fail. Could not give up.

He let his serrated blades descend, the metal shimmering in the light. His breath was more ragged than usual, but he still had a chance. The stranger ignored the girl and began a slow circle around him, small Chinese throwing star like blades held in one clawed hand. They were small, but were sharp enough to sink all the way into your flesh if thrown correctly.

As he threw the first one, his wrist blades rose to block it with blinding speed and accuracy. It tinked away, stabbing into the soft ground at his feet instead. Three were thrown at him in quick concession, but with the arc of his swing, his blade deflected each of them.

The stranger used his good arm to raise his other and aim his wrist controls at me. He hesitated, that was his downfall. It took him too long to see the small attachment on the side of the stranger's controls. He moved before he shot it, but the yautja swung his arm and kept aim. A sharp metal barbed steak hit his shoulder, and stopped me dead, pinned to the trunk of a tree.

As his hand tightened around the steak to pull it out, another one hit his other shoulder, yanking his hand back. One plunged into his chest as well; he felt it shatter through his sternum, probably only millimeters above the heart. He felt warm blood gush up into his mouth.

He was still defiant though, leaning forward to rip himself away from the tree and his wrist blades raised and ready for an attack. The stranger knew he was done for through, and simply began walking up to him as though he was harmless.

The small ooman girl, as frightened as she was, rushed over to stand in front of the staked yautja. The stranger tilted his head at the display, his footsteps pausing.

"Ell-osde da'ra Ic'jit?" You defend a badblood?

Her heart was racing, her chest heaving, but as the stranger took a step forward, she held her ground. Even as he stomped up to her, menacingly so much taller and reached for her, she did not think to defend herself, only him. Her arms rose to shield his masked face from anything the stranger might do.

The yautja paused again, watching the ooman, and seemed to be thinking. Nevertheless, he always came to the same conclusion-it did not matter why what she was doing. Fugitives deserved to be exterminated. He grabbed her by the throat and tossed her aside.

An unarmed and not attacking ooman could not be killed within the rules of their moral code. He could do nothing with the girl, until she attempted to harm him, except for usher her out of his way.

The stranger then grabbed a hold of the badblood's bio mask, took it off to reveal his face, and tossed it in the dirt. Phosphorous green blood dripped from its mouth. The girl had bounded up from the ground however and squeezed herself between the two aliens, her eyes watering and her mouth uttering so many strange sounds. Her palms pressed together, fingers towards the sky.

He gripped her shoulder and shoved her to the side so his hand could wrap around the criminal's throat. The girl screamed now, and once again shoved her way between them, but this time placing her palms on the stranger's abs. His chest pulsed with an annoyed growl, but her blue eyes staring at him through his mask was strangely unsettling.

“Please!” He did not know the meaning of the words but knew what she wanted.

His hand tightened around the criminal’s throat, but when he looked at his eyes, he found that the man was watching the girl-more concerned with her than the yautja about to end his life.

He growled at himself for such an absurd decision, but his hands left the man’s throat. He glanced down at the strange ooman, and slowly she took her hands off him. Before he changed his mind, he swiftly turned and left, allowing the badblood to live, and disappeared within the forest. He just had to hope that he has not let a murderer or traitor go, but something told him he had not. The badblood had restrained from trying to kill another yautja, even when in the face of death. That earned him some credit at least.

With a rapidly besting heart, the girl turned back to the staked yautja, dripping green blood, and she placed her palms on the side of his face, whispering words unknown to him.

He had to get himself back to the ship to begin healing the wounds, and the girl was too weak to pull the steaks out. He was feeling weak as well. But she had saved him. Somehow, she had saved him. And he could not give up now.

He strained and growled and the barbs dug into his palm as he yanked the first one out. More adrenaline was starting to inject into his system and he did away with the other two stakes. The girl attempted to help hold him up, and pressed her hands to the wounds to stop the bleeding. It was useless actions as the blood continued to gush through her fingers and he was far too heavy to assist in walking-yet he did enjoy her fawning over him.

Once to the ship, he had to get the metal out of him before healing himself with the machine. However, his shoulders were becoming too pained to reach around to his back and yank them out. He grabbed the girls chin gently, tears in her eyes.

“Ve de’re, ell-osde is-ta flar-res kef.” The blades, you must remove them.

He turned his back to her, and painfully crouched down to the floor so she could reach them.

“H’ka-se!” Now, he commanded with a growl.

She did not budge.

He grabbed one of the small circular blades he had already removed from the back of his leg and lifted it up to her, “Flar-res.” Remove.

Slowly, he felt her fingers on his back, and then slight movement as she touched one of the blades buried in his back. She began whimpering and making more talking sounds.

He growled.

She gently tugged on the blade.

“Pauk, lou-dte kale gat a ya-bre!” Fuck, child-maker do it already!

His harsh words caused her to remove it like a Band-Aid, swiftly ripping it out with a nervous jerk. The pain was excruciating, but he found himself not showing any of it for her sake. As to not freak her out any further.

“Ral.” Again.

She gripped another one and quickly ripped it from his back. His whole body looked like a splattered painting of green by the time they were done. He stomped into the tiny medical room of the ship, undressed, and laid inside the machine. It healed his shattered sternum, and accelerated the healing of his other wounds too mere scars.

The girl was waiting for him just inside the doorway. He was healed but felt like he had been struck by lightening then pummeled, and his strength was not at its best. He brushed past the girl and continued to the bathroom, immersing himself in the showers hot water.

It had an instantly calming effect, and his head stopped pounding. The girl peeked in from around the corner, sad blue eyes catching his. He extended out his arm for her to come closer. As soon as she stepped within reach, he hauled her into the shower and picked her up. His muscles protested, but he held her to his chest, her arms draping around his neck.

9. Mate

He ate what meat he had left, pounds and pounds if it at one sitting, and fed the girl some as well. Then he set the coordinates for a different farther away planet but one with the supplies he was coming to need-the medicinal water that flowed through the plumbing for the shower. Air conversion filters that kept the ships oxygen levels maintained for the ooman aboard. Vitamin, medicine, antibiotic, injections for the machine that healed all his wounds. Weapons and ammo. The list was getting quite large.

Nevertheless, he did not want to think about any of it at the moment. He scooped up the little ooman and laid her in bed next to him to sleep. Her body had always obliged to rest, falling into dreams quickly, but this time she seemed wide-awake. In addition, she would not let him get any rest-though he would never think to stop her.

She trailed her soft fingertips down his arm, up the contours of his abs and chest, around his face, and over again. It was oddly stimulating, but he met her eyes, wondering what compelled her to do such a thing.

To his surprise, her face leaned in close to his, her warm breath on his skin, and she pressed her lips to one of his mandibles, and then leaned away. He blinked at her. Her cheeks burned red.

Then, even though he had fed her well, she began to chew on her lower lip. His fingers went to stop the action immediately, palm on her cheek and thumb saving her soft lips from her teeth. Before he could retract his hand, she trapped his hand there with hers and leaned forward to place her lips on his mandibles again.

He disagreed with the action until he remembered the male he had saw her with on the beach. They had done a strange sort of mouth touching as well. He did not move, but allowed her to continue doing whatever she wished with him. Her kisses kinda tickled. Sweet sucking lips, soft squishy pecks... it was awkward really, but he did begin to enjoy it some.

Her lips against him, he felt her tongue reach into his mouth and he jerked away. Her face pressed closer to do it again but he found himself leaning away from her. He did not like the idea of it, and it served no purpose. He would have rather she went to sleep, let him rest instead of this weirdness.

She huffed and leaned back against the furs. He asked closer to her again and her hand went behind his neck to kiss him. He sat up in the bed in protest but she only followed his movements.

She forced her lips upon him again and he suffered it.

She continued moving her lips, kissing, and his eyes wasted about the room in boredom, just waiting for her to tie of it. However, her tongue darted between his mandibles to lick at his gums. He growled at her some-but that only seemed to fuel further action.

Her hands tangled in his hair, she pressed her bare chest against his, and her tongue lapped at his mouth, wanting entrance. He could not help but slowly begin to turn his head away reluctantly. She whined.

He sat like a statue, confused at her odd behavior. Her pretty blue eyes looked into his for a moment before she unlatched herself from him and slid out of bed. She left the room, and he waited for her return. After minutes had passed, he got up to go see if she needed any assistance, tearing open a fruit odds something. Instead, he found her sitting in the control chair with her arms crossed. And even he knew then, that he had done something to her disliking.

He carried her back in bed with him, and hoped she would continue with whatever bizarre thing she had been doing before. She did not. He snuggled his face closer to hers. She did not budge. He did not want to duplicate the action himself-not that he had lips and could really copy her actions anyway. But then how to prompt her to continue?

She began to close her eyes so he quickly touched his fingers to her lips, and then touched his fingers to his own mouth. Her eyes lit up. He held in a groan and prepared for more weird sensations. She was an alien after all; he should have known she would do strange things, the more comfortable with him she became.

Immediately, her tongue slipped from her lips. However, this time she kept making little mew noises and kept trying to force her tongue between his lips. He did not want to upset her, so he tried his best to embrace the weirdness. Slowly, he let his jaw drop. Her warm tongue slipped into his cavern of a mouth.

It was not... uncomfortable per se, just unusual. He was content to let her continue as she pleased-but her tongue kept flicking around his, licking it, moving and manipulating it. The prompt was obvious; she wanted him to parturicate. He growled at the suggestion of such a thing but she had saved his life and so he plunged his long tongue into her mouth.

Her strange square, smooth teeth in rows... her fat, bumpy tongue. The wonderful ridges of her mouth... a dangling flap on the top back of her mouth-uvula. The warm wetness and flavor of her was inviting. He licked every inch of her mouth and reached down her throat to feel inside her deeper.

Finally, his senses were reacting. Her salty taste. The sweet earthy smell of her skin. Her warmth. The feel of her soft hands on him. The sound of her breathing and soft moans. Moreover, this time, he did not miss the heightened hormones coming off her. Whatever this kissing stuff was, it aroused her. And that awakened him.

Her breasts... he dared to try to touch them again, an action she had never appreciated before. However, this time, she moaned into the kiss and arched her back into his palms. His body reacted to the thought that he would be aloud to touch and they would stay forever-not like with his kind where they were only present when actually breast-feeding. In addition, maybe everything he kissed her she would allow him to touch. His skin began to heat with his arousal.

His hands deliberately played and fondled her breasts and his tongue continued to lap at her mouth. He hated to admit he would come to like the kissing. One of her hands coiled around a stand of his hair, and a thunderous bolt of pleasure ran through him. Oh, even aliens

knew the sweet spots... but what about her hair? He touched hers... so weird really. Thin tiny hard strands... shiny and smooth though. Fluid... but not much to actually squeeze...? Nevertheless, his fingers delved into her hair and she liked it, her back arching again and her eyes closing. His arms held her back then to press her body against his as his hips kneaded against her wantingly.

The ooman was becoming breathless and her heart was speeding in her chest. He wanted her. He had always wanted her. Now, it seemed he might get the chance. He shifted so that he was above her small frame.

His cock is quickly surging to full girth, his fingers reach between her legs to test her readiness. She looked so small, he did not want to hurt her, and hoped he would fit inside. The nub within her pink folds, her clit... He finally watched her reaction to his touch... like an erogenous zone outside her body? Strange for a female... was that normal for all her kind? Or a mess up, a mutation? How was he to stimulate it with his penis, or at all during copulation? Frustration and confusion wash over him.

In addition, his frustration only grew as he hesitated to enter her. He had never heard of anyone mating with an ooman in particular, though he had heard it done with other aliens. What lay inside her moist cavern? Would it cleave him in two? Libido washes away everything else though and he quickly finds it almost painful to hold himself back. Bracing her shoulders, pinning her down, he tipped his hips to gain entrance. Her walls are snug around his shaft, but utterly soft. Warm. Moist, and wonderful.

He proceeded to fuck the brains out of the small delicate ooman trapped beneath him.

He left her slumped in the bed, ragged and breathless. Using her in such a way, and feeling his seed fill her up was more fulfilling for him than anything he'd done in a long time. He wanted to lay with her forever, never give her up.

They started at each other for several minutes, content to convey their emotions for each other with their eyes, as they could not with their lips. Or at least he was—the girl seemed to make a quick decision and sat up in the furs on her knees, babbling words he did not know. He tried to pull her arm to get her to lay back down with him in an after-primal-sex-coma, but the little thing was persistent in whatever alien thing she wanted to do next.

He gave in and as she kept flailing her arms around he sat and mirrored her. Just like the kissing thing, it was best if he just went along with it and copied her actions.

She said a single drawn out word, her arms gesturing down the length of her body. After a second of hesitance, his hands reached out grope her. She shoved him away. He sat with his hands in his lap and watched her again.

“Vvick-tore-ee-ah” the girl pronounced slowly, rather sounding like a monkey, arms crossed on her chest.

Her big blue eyes watched him expectantly.

“Vu-ick-ore-a.” He casually repeated.

She shook her head. She said it again and again and until he concentrated on the exact pronunciation.

His throat felt thick, the word odd on his tongue as he said, “Vic’tory-ah.”

She smiled and clapped at him. He withheld an annoyed grumble at such a silly game. Then, she placed both hands on his chest, looking in his eyes.

When he tried to kiss her, she said a stern, “No.” Then she touched her chest, “Victory-ah...” her hands went back to him.

His eyes lit up and his back straightened, realization of the game they were playing flooding in all at once.

“Car’ka-hocha gr’eb das.” He said fists hitting his chest like an ape.

Her head tilted, tongue swirling in her mouth as if to test the words, and then she said, “Kare ka joh cha... geb... dase...”

It was not a bad pronunciation, really, but he wondered if he should correct her. However, after a furrowing of her brow she skipped onto the next thing.

“Fuuur.” She pointed down to the pelt and then her fingers dug into its softness.

“Fur.” He clipped, the word being much easier than the last. But did it mean pelt, soft, or bed? He did not really care.

She tapped at the “fur” and pointed to him. He almost groaned. She wanted his word for this object.

Before really thinking, he grabbed the edge of the pelt and yanked it out from under her to lift the object up for clarification. She went tumbling backwards, almost off the bed.

“Kas-er” Pelt.

She seemed close to anger and then she just started giggling. He slowly lowered the pelt back onto the bed and grabbed her arm to haul her back into it.

“Kass eir” She repeated.

Their game continued. The girl grabbed at objects like a child or an overly eager puppy. She wanted to know words like, “door” ‘shelf’ “drawer” “skull”. He wanted to words like, “breasts” “pussy” “bed” and “bellybutton”.

Her words became more difficult, just because of the concepts. “Sit” ‘stand’ “come here”. However, the next one, he liked.

“Kiss.” She touched her lips.

It was not a body part he was particularly fond of and he could not exactly gesture to himself and repeat it, as he did not have lips.

He brushed a finger across her soft mouth, “Kizz.”

She smiled but shook her head.

However, it was not until she leaned in to place her lips on his that he connected the action with the ooman word.

When she leaned away, he stole a fistful of her hair and brought her face close again, “Kizz.” He forced his mouth to connect with hers. He liked this word. He could use it as a command.

“Kizz kizz kizz” he slurred, leaning over her as he pressed his mouth to hers, tongue snaking out to

get a taste.

Her back was forced down in the bed and his hands swept over her body, repeating his best pronunciation of the words he’d learned, “breasts” ‘hips’ “sex” “bellybutton” “neck” “eyes” “ass” as he fondled her. His cock was twitching up and growing at his arousal, his skin warming. He would have her again and again and again.

When he was done with her for the second time, he planned to fuck her again as soon as he was able, but until then he amused himself by playing with her hair. She had messy sex-hair, frazzled, and now statically charged as well. It stuck up from her head some, and a few strands followed his hand when he got it close. He touched it, liking the static feel, smoothing it out and then messing it up again.

“Kizz.”

Her face lit up and she rolled to her side to give him a sweet kiss.

However, when his hand went behind her neck and the other to part her legs she groaned and shoved him away.

“Kizzz!” He begged.

She shook her head.

He let out a deep growl at being refused but swept himself off the bed. If the word would not work anymore, he would do what his species traditionally did to attract females.

He stopped on a planet, on the way to the bigger one with the supplies. And, similar to a cat, he went out, killed something, and brought it back as a gift for her.

He held out the polished white skull to her. He wished he knew more of human faces (as she made a squished up face eyes shut as she touched the skull) but he would learn them eventually.

“Kizz.” He demanded.

She was more than happy to set down the skull to wrap her arms around his neck and kiss him. He crowded her up against the bed and then tossed her on top of it. He watched her naked body bounce slightly as she giggled before he gracefully crawled on top of her.

He took a moment, just enjoying her pretty blue eyes and her sweet face before his tongue entered her mouth and he pushed his cock inside her. He quickly picked up a savage pace and racked her body. Her fingers were clawing at the sheets as she squirmed and buckled under him.

He suddenly felt content with everything, as he let his warm body rest above her, the smell of sex surrounding them both. Not impulsive. Not wanting anything more. Moreover, he

began to think maybe his brain was not bad but that he just was not finding fulfillment under yautja society. Not a badblood but a run away. He liked that thought.

The girl, Vic'tory-ah, was fast asleep but he swept his knuckles across her cheek wondering when again he could ravage her. He thought about positioning her in her sleep but he was sure it would wake her up... and he did not want to break her...

He prepared the meat from the animal he had hunted for her, eating almost all of it except a portion size for her. Then when they landed on the other planet he left her peacefully slumped in his bed as went in search of supplies. He had the utmost trust in her that she would not go running off.

And she did not.

When he returned she was still sleeping, but now she was bundled, wrapped, and tucked in under the furs. It looked oddly cozy, yet restrictingly uncomfortable. He leapt up onto the bed, the shaking making her eyes go wide. However, he purred and pressed his forehead against hers and she let her lids relax as she smiled.

“Kizz?”

She swept her tongue over her lips and he took that as a yes. His mandibles spread over her cheeks and his lips sucked at his mouth as their tongues reached out.

However, he froze as soon as that disturbing rumbling came from her stomach region again. His face leaned away and he tilted his head at her.

“Hun-ger-ee.” She said, her arm untangling from the furs to point at her mouth as her jaw opened and closed.

He thought it looked ridiculous but thought that he might have grasped the meaning. He hopped off her burrito-rolled body and furs to go fetch the meat he had prepared. As she sat up to eat, he whisked himself away to the control chair to quickly move on to a different planet.

10. Something Else Entirely

Coughing made him quickly return to the girl. Her hand clawed at her throat as she coughed and gagged. He retrieved a glass of water immediately, hoping it would help. Nevertheless, all she ended up doing was coming more and supporting it the water. His heart began to race as the girl began to wheeze. She could not breathe; she must have been choking. He tried to help, to no avail. Something just was not right-and the swelling of her neck and face was an imminent clue.

He hastily put back in his bio mask, diagnostic technology scanning her. She was in anaphylactic shock-having some sort of allergic reaction to what he fed her. He had poisoned her.

He did not know of any yautja that reacted so strongly to any assistance but he did have anti-inflammatory drugs to open back up her windpipe so she could breathe. Still, she would need help if she would die.

He could drop her off on earth, leave oomans to heal an ooman. However, he did not know how advanced their medications were. Would they have the right thing to heal her? He worried that with such a foreign type of meat that they would not.

Therefore, because the yautja home planet was closer, he went there instead.

She was dying, needed help.

However, landing there would seal his own death.

Nevertheless, he had never been happy without her... Why continue to live if what you are living for is dead?

He made his decision and did not deviate from it, did not look back. He attempted to land on the planet, sensors tripping immediately. However, he bargained her life and safe return to earth for his surrender-and they allowed it.

As the ramp dropped and three heavily armed yautja stood before him, he was not even sure if the

girl was still alive. Her body had started to convulse and he had not wanted to watch her. It would not matter anyway-his life was over if hers was.

Two of them led him from the ship; the other went to go collect the girl. He was taken to the king of the district he had done the crime in, the clan he had betrayed and been declared a badblood in. He dropped to his knees, the fight from him gone.

The king spoke again of their terms, promising that the ooman would not be harmed, and then went into how he was too be realistically euthanized in front of the clan. He was too be made an example of. Car'ka bowed his head in submission.

He started at the dreary walls of his confinement. A coffin of sorts, until time came for him to be drained of all blood-a symbolic gesture of ridding the mind and body of the substance,

the bad blood in him that fueled such a breaking of laws. Then the god of death, the black warrior, Cetanu would come to take him.

When they came for him, he was ready for death.

When they led him down the dark terminal, he kept his head up, and his stride confident.

He knew the place he would be taken to. It was a staircase of stone up to a circular plaque with a worn dent in the center where so many had been executed over the lifetimes. Chained down on their back, and bleed slowly, the green would ooze and dip down the sides of the stone alter like wax, painting it. That would be his death.

However, before he knew it, he was standing in an empty room in front of the king.

He would jump to no conclusions about his postponed death-instead, his mind waiting to hear that the girl did not make it.

“The ooman female was quite fond of you.” The king noted.

The word “was” did not escape him. He found his head bowing, his eyes staring numbly at the floor.

The king was not finished, “She was successfully treated with an antihistamine. Yet, she refused to cooperate until she knew where you were.”

The girl lived. His heart began to race at just that fact.

“We put her in an emergency translator collar and told her you were to be exterminated.”

He did not know why the king was telling him all this, as it was just making the whole ordeal more painful. His memories flashed with her sad face and crying that he had come to hate and knew she would be doing the same thing.

“She begged for your life.”

He met the king’s eyes.

“Tell me, would you stay far from this planet if you were let to live-banished instead?”

“I would promise it to the gods.” He said thickly.

“And would you also promise not to go to Earth, not to go looking for the ooman girl?”

He hesitated, but knew there was only one truth, “No. If I was left alive, nothing would stop me from searching for her.”

“Very well.” The king uttered, striding past him.

He was led behind the king through the house, metal boots thumping on the hard floor, creating the music to his death march. As the door opened up, he expected the light to hit his eyes and be made to walk to the site. Instead, they were in the ship holding dock. And to that, he was not much surprised-except that it was his personal ship.

“I don’t ever want to hear of you again.”

The other yautja backed away, and the king stood waiting.

He did not budge, astonished at the king's behavior.

"You are free to go." The king urged.

"Why?"

"Your crime, though still marking you a badblood, was not an outstanding crime. And your little ooman was very persuasive—as an apology for her mistreatment and kidnap," the king paused to give a disappointed glare at him, "she requested your life." And even though he did not know it, he had given himself in, had given up his life, for an ooman who needed a simple allergy shot—Most badbloods would not have done that.

Relief spun him lightheaded, but he climbed aboard the ship and got off the planet as fast as he could manage. Earth, was his next destination. He had to find the girl.

However, he worried he would never be able to find her. Where had they dropped her off? The planet was maybe a quarter of the size of his, but finding one ooman among around three billion oomans that inhabited the planet... He knew the king would not make it easy and give him directions.

Why had he let both of them go anyhow? With that thought, he worried that they had actually just killed her. It would not be like yautja to toy with him, punish him in that way, yet it would be like them to kill an ooman who knew of their kind. Unlike some other planets, Earth was kept pure as to conduct better hunting.

The ship descended on the blue planet, his eyes soaking up the details. He steered the ship back to the tropical line of islands where he had found the girl.

Could a simple ooman tear compassion from a yautja king?

In the jungle, he tried to track down the girl, even though he was not sure she was there. He strode threw the thick vegetation of leaves, boots trudging through soft brown debris. He passed a glorious waterfall.

...He supposed one could...

He found the girl casually sitting on a fallen tree, as though she was just waiting for him, and her fingers brushed through her golden hair. And finally, she began to sing again, that heavenly voice replacing the dead air with song and life.

He walked up to her, his cloaking device still engaged, and asked, "Kizz?"

The smile that erupted on her face made his heart skip a beat.

~To télos~ (Greek for "The end")